

THE REPOSITORY, AND Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[From the N. E. REPUBLICAN.]

(Concluded.)

EVERARD had arrived before dinner. About four o'clock, as we were rising from a late refreshment, an elderly gentleman, in a Quaker's dress, was announced by the servant, and welcomed by Mrs Townsend as an old and valuable friend. 'Friend Hammond, (said the good woman) thou hast been a stranger long. I am glad to see thee—but thou hast come to a house of mourning!' 'Mourning, sister! my own heart is itself a house of mourning—but for whom art thou afflicted?' 'For the friendless. A lovely young woman, a lodger in my house, is near her end—and her eyes must be closed by strangers.'

'Perhaps that may be the situation of my poor Emily!'

'What of Emily? thou mayest speak thy mind—here are none but friends.'

Mr Hammond wept bitterly.

'Thou rememberest, sister, that I left this town eleven years ago. I settled in Baltimore. Soon after I saw thee last, I was called abroad by business, which I could not neglect. My wife and Emily I sent to Philadelphia, to reside with my sister; ex-

pecting to return to Baltimore in one year at farthest. Shipwreck, captivity, and sickness, kept me abroad until the last month. I returned to my native land, however with riches in abundance, and hoped that heaven had preserved my beloved family to share its blessings with me. But my wife is no more! and my girl—oh, sister—my sweet little Emily is ruined—eloped from her friends—fled—perhaps from disgrace and life together, with all her sins upon her head.'

'Who?—Emily Hammond?' cried Everard, starting wildly from his seat.

'Yea, my good young friend—didst thou know my child?'

'God of mercy!' groaned Everard, and sunk senseless on the floor. Astonished and alarmed at his emotions, we raised and bore him to a settee; but before his recovery allowed us any opportunity for inquiry, the nurse came below, with notice from the physician, who tarried above stairs, that his patient was awake, and in her perfect senses. The woman added, that she inquired incessantly for Mrs Townsend and me. Everard begged to be left alone; and as I turned to go up stairs, Mrs Townsend said, 'Friend Hammond, dost thou avoid the bed of the dying?'

'Nay, sister—I have sorrow enough of my own, it is true: but let me be instructed.'

We all went above together. Mr Hammond walked across the chamber with his eyes cast to the floor, till he had nearly reached the bed. 'My father!' with a faint scream, was heard from the bed. The old man fixed his eyes on the pale object before him, and dropping on his knees at the bedside, groaned in the anguish of his soul—'My poor child! my lost Emily! Oh my sainted Mary! is *this* our

daughter? is *this* all I have left of thee? Do I find our sweet Emily thus? Father of Mercies! strengthen me to thy chastening!—My child! art thou gone?'

The dying girl had fainted: and the utmost efforts of the physician could with difficulty restore her. She opened her eyes, at length, and with a long-drawn sob, cried, 'My father! forgive me!'

'Forgive thee, my child! I bless thee. Heaven bless and forgive as freely as thy father.'

'It is enough!—Everard—I forgive you'—

This explanation I had feared: but when certainty left no room for better hopes, I could hardly withstand the shock. Everard Drey, the son of my old friend, whose daily lesson was piety, and whose constant example was duty, had seduced innocence—abandoned to disgrace, penury, and death, the victim of his own falsehood, —and left to the wide and un pitying world, an infant born an orphan, and hailing the dawn of life, but to open its eyes on disgrace!—Ye who have hearts to feel, while you curse the wretched author of these accumulated miseries, will not refuse the tribute of pity to those who felt their force. *My* life has not been free from sorrows—I have mourned the loss of friends, & followed my kindred to the grave: but never did my heart sink within me as at this moment. A little reflection however determined my conduct. I went below, where I found Everard pacing the room in an agitation which almost excited my pity. 'You are wanted above stairs a moment,' said I, with an accent of assumed indifference. He followed without answering.

I led him close to the bed, before we were observed. The poor girl

raised her eyes, and uttering a scream of piercing agony, faltered out, 'Everard, I forgive you!—Protect—Oh, protect my poor babe!—I did not come to disgrace you, Everard!' She closed her eyes, and a single convulsive gasp freed her spirit from the sufferings of mortality.

Her poor father, with the tranquillity of calm despair, watched the expiring struggle of his child; and hiding his face with his hands, lifted his soul in silent prayer to his God. Not so Everard—Driven almost to frenzy by his feelings, he struck his forehead, and groaned without the relief of a tear.

'Old man!—mourning father!' he cried, in a voice rendered frightfully loud by his distraction, 'see here the murderer of your daughter!—I deserve death at your hands—Emily was the child of innocence—All the subtlety of hell was put in array against her. Could my death restore her to you, I would breathe my last with pleasure! I ask you not, to forgive me. It would be a crime in you to do it—I am unfit for human society—I am unfit for life, and unprepared for eternity!'

'Young man!' said Mr Hammond, rising and approaching him, with dignified calmness, 'I do forgive thee:—Heaven is just, and thou art punished enough already—May God pardon thee too!'

Let me finish my story: it has ceased to entertain.—The rest is sorrow—sable sorrow—and the sorrow is mine.

Emily's babe was buried with its mother. I hoped to conceal from Mr Drey the guilt of his son, till his health was established: but 'Rumour's hundred tongues' preceded our return. My friend relapsed and died; and bitter was the close of his life. A rapid decline hastened his beloved wife after him. Their son is no where to be found in his native land. Mr Hammond has paid the debt of nature; and to those thoughtless youth, who may rest an hour from the mazy dance of pleasure, to read my simple tale, I may emphatically say 'I am left alone to tell ye!'

Daughter of Innocence! listen to the voice of age. When the opening bud of beauty lures the unprincipled to its destruction—when the youth of thy fancy points to the flowery paths of pleasure, and, with the honied elo-

quence of desire, says 'Come, come,' Oh refrain thy feet from the forbidden path, and flee the lips of deceit, which open but for thy destruction!—in thy own bosom thou findest a treacherous enemy—thy own social passions lurk unsuspected, and join with thy foe to hasten thy fall. Hast thou parents?—Oh! wilt thou clothe the face of thy father with shame, and 'bring down the gray hairs' of thy mother 'with sorrow to the grave?' Hast thou brethren and sisters? Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at *them* for *thy* sake? Art thou happy in the esteem of thy friends? Why wilt thou shut thy ears to the voice of Experience, and madly throw away the *good name*, which years of penitent virtue cannot recover? Dost thou fear the God that made thee? Remember his purity—remember his denunciations against the crime before thee. Flee—oh flee, Daughter of Innocence, ere the gulph of infamy and perdition open to receive thee!

And thou, too, son of Falsehood, who gloriest in thy own shame, if every principle of tenderness, manhood, and piety, has not fled thy bosom together—if thou fearest the wrath of that Being, who hath said, 'Whoremongers & adulterers God will judge'—cease to crimson the cheek of virtue by thy wanton waste of human happiness—wring not from the bosom of pity the sigh—when the lovely life-mates thou wast born to protect, cry, in the agony of their hearts, 'our protector has become our foe.' Oh, be no longer the enemy of thyself—of humanity, and the world!

HOME.

(Continued.)

Miss Orville continued five years with her aunt, who bestowed such unremitting care on her education, that at fifteen she had made uncommon progress in every female accomplishment; but it was chiefly owing to the attention afterwards paid by Mrs Almorne to the improvement of her mind, that the superior qualities she possessed, were now appearing in full lustre.

Upon Lady Anson's death, Miss Orville returned home, and soon after Mrs Almorne came to reside at Delvin-Lodge. As her chief inducement to do so, was that she might be

with Miss Orville, she devoted much time to her, and endeavoured to win her affection. Such a character as Mrs Almorne's could not fail of making a strong impression on a young heart, susceptible of every amiable feeling; and in a short time her young favourite loved her with filial affection; listened to her admonitions with reverence; and regulated her conduct by her instructions and example.

The occupations of Mrs Almorne directed her to pursue, the books she gave her to read, the conversation she held with her, and the admiration her conduct excited, had all so powerful an effect on the mind of Constantia, that she might be said to be always in the presence of Mrs Almorne, either in reality or imagination.

Sir John and Lady Orville saw, with much pleasure, Mrs Almorne's attachment to their daughter and the attention she bestowed on her improvement. By sir John this attention had been earnestly solicited, and lady Orville was not insensible of its value. Though she was very different from Mrs Almorne, yet she was so much convinced of her excellencies, and found her behaviour always so agreeable, that she would very reluctantly have deprived her of the satisfaction she found in the adoption of her daughter; and she had been so long accustomed to resign the care of her to Lady Anson, that she could, without difficulty, acquiesce in any measure which Mrs Almorne thought necessary for her advantage.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Woodford and Mr Orville arrived at the Abbey before dinner, and the afternoon passed agreeably to all, except Miss Orville.

The next morning as soon as breakfast was over, Mrs Almorne withdrew with Miss Orville to her apartment, where she told her that she wished to take the earliest opportunity of speaking to her of Lord Woodford, but if it would be more agreeable to her to delay the conversation, she would postpone it.

'By no means, madam, she answered, 'the sooner it is over the better.'

'Your words, my dear,' replied Mrs Almorne, 'and the look which accompanies them, do not augur well

for Lord Woodford, of whom I have so good an opinion, that I should wish you to deliberate well before you reject him.

'Can deliberation be necessary when there is a wish to reject?

'Certainly: can any subject require it more than marriage?

'None, when there is any partiality for the lover: but matrimony, under the most favourable circumstances, is so great a risk, that when the heart declares against it, I think it ought not to be thought of further.

'Should the heart alone decide!

'Only against it, never in its favor: but, unfortunately, neither my judgment nor inclination favour Woodford.

'What does your judgment say against him?

'That he is not the man with whom I could be happy.

'Be more explicit: you cannot suspect me of intending to urge you to marry, but I wish to know your objections to him; I am persuaded you do not reject such a man without consideration.

'Be assured, my dear madam, that I have maturely reflected on the subject; for I have long suspected his partiality, and, both for his sake and my mother's, I am truly grieved that I cannot see him in a favourable light. I regard and esteem him; I am grateful for his affection, and should be relieved from much distress, if I could conduce to his happiness; but I neither feel for him that affection, which I should wish to have for my husband, nor do I think that he could be an agreeable companion.

'He is very generally liked.

'He has good qualities, and great advantages of situation, which throw a shade over his defects.

'He is not a man of talents, or information, but he has great recommendations.

'What are they?

'Good sense, good temper, & great worth. I believe him to be absolutely free from any vice or meanness, and his situation—

'I will never marry for situation.

'What will induce to marry?

'Affection, esteem, and similarity of mind and character; without these advantages, happiness is not to be expected in the marriage state; even

with them it is very precarious;—one evil may overbalance many comforts.

'I am afraid, my dear girl, if none should marry, till they meet with a connection entirely to their wish, few, very few marriages would be made.

'It is my good fortune to be independent of marriage.

'Are you certain of that? You are, indeed, independent of it at present; but have you considered the consequences of remaining single? You are now encircled by friends, caressed wherever you go, without a care to disturb you; but when time shall have robbed you of your parents—of the affluence which surrounds you—of youth and beauty—you may then, perhaps, be left without occupation, or objects of affection, the prey of melancholy and idleness.

'You draw a terrifying picture.

'Are you prepared for all this?—Will you have firmness to sustain such a reverse of fortune? Nor must you expect, whatever may be your deprivations, the sympathy of others; for there is no situation so little pitied as that of an old maid.

'I know not how far I can promise on my fortitude in adversity, but I may venture to hope, that, if I continue single, it will never be severely tried. As I shall not be exposed to pecuniary distresses, I may contrive occupations for myself, that will prevent idleness, and banish melancholy. I see many single women happy.

'You do: they contrast the evils of the married state with their own, and become contented; besides they don't all experience the forlorn condition I have alluded to: some of the most respectable and useful members of society, I ever knew, were old maids; but this depends on many circumstances, and I should wish to guard you against the worst.

'The worst state I can fancy, is an unhappy marriage.

'True: the misery of it far exceeds what can be felt in a single state; but the advantages which may result from marriage, are also much greater.

'It is my wish to marry, but not Lord Woodford. I can never think of marrying him; and, as my opinion is decided, I shall be much obliged to you, if you will endeavour to reconcile my mother to it, and persuade Hastings to discourage Woodford's expect-

tations in the most delicate manner he can.

'I certainly will, but fear you will have some trouble with your brother. He talked to me of Woodford's advantages in a way that showed me he would prize him very highly as a brother-in-law; but, had I not been convinced that you could not be dazzled by a splendid situation, I should not have consented to speak to you on the subject. But let us return to your family; and depend on my doing every thing, in my power, to reconcile your mother and brother to your determination.

'If you will permit me, I will remain here; the presence of Woodford distresses and embarrasses me, between the wish to show him kindness, and the fear of encouraging his affection.

'Remain then; and as soon as I have spoken to your mother, I will return.

Mrs Almoré left Constantia, who, not long after, was summoned to lady Orville's apartment, where she found her alone.

[To be Continued.]

For the Repository.

TO BOB AT'EM.

NOT having formed a very favourable opinion of you, or your talents, I must acknowledge, it was not my intention to enter into a controversy, when I first condescended to advise an 'amelioration of stile, should you again attempt to write for the Repository.' There is little fear, however, that your ignorance will affect many of the community; at any rate, I will explain the *seeming* contradictions, which your penetrative faculties attempted, in vain, to discover. At the commencement of my hint, I observed, 'your answer was *very* sublime,' instead of pausing, and reflecting, that unmerited praise is the severest reproach; you considered that I was complimenting you, and was highly inflated with the idea; but when you proceeded further, and found the mirror

of *truth* was presented to your view, in pronouncing your answer, that I really thought it vulgar and offensive, your phantom of perfection vanished; your brain could not account for the appearance of two such opposite contradictions, presuming that no person dare use *derisive* language to so great a writer as yourself.

If you accuse me of *Vanity*, in condemning a mass of ribaldry, what must *your* portion be, who are the author of it! You did well not to defend the manner in which it was written,

'Immodest words admit of no defence.'^{*} and should the world be anxious to discover, who the man is, that could have formed so *grand*, so comprehensive an idea of the human frame, let me advise you, (not in a *derisive* manner, oh no) to step boldly forth, and exclaim, with Horace, *homo sum*.—As for the opinion of the fashionable female you mention, I must observe, that no *lady*, who knew you to be the author of the answer to Jacobus, would own any acquaintance or connection with you. In noticing You *I* have, indeed, obtained no celebrity; I do not require it, but bow with submission, to your superior *abusive* powers.

But a conclusive word or two, sir: though you wished it, the world will never flatter or commend *that* which should be consigned to the shades of oblivion; 'a piece of writing is but the *Visage* of its author's mind,' if decked out, or daubed with fulsome paint or indecorous expressions, it degrades nature, and is a notable commemoration of *inward* corruption.

TOM TICLE.

^{*} That your answer to Jacobus was deficient in decency, the whole world will do you the justice to testify. You should have perceived it ere you gave it publicity, and return thanks to the person who advised a reformation.

For the Repository.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

[From Wolff's Sketches.]

During my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognized to be Charles —. Many years had elapsed since his abrupt departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting, I shall take the liberty of here inserting it.—Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, attention, and improvement, Charles became the favourite, and was at length considered as heir to his uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superior sense, but addicted to extravagant vices, blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud! He was married to a depraved but beautiful woman, with whom he had formerly lived on easier terms. Led on, in defiance of frequent remonstrances, from one act of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming table. Surrounded by titled blacklegs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts which, in honour, he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not, or heeded not, the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company: gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every public amusement, which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of

a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old man of independent property, who never quitted his arm-chair, was not made acquainted with the excesses of Mr —, till intelligence from their bankers arrived, stating, that not only the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit, they had permitted themselves to be considerably overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary, to save their falling credit. A consultation was held, and a proposition made, and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles, who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles, seduced into the practice of this expedient by the treacherous spendthrift, unknowingly committed an act, by which agreeable to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable sum. In negotiating the bills, however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight.—Not a moment was now to be lost; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage wherein a few valuables had been hastily packed up, departed immediately with Mr — for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the continent. Continuing their route, they proceeded to the South of

France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknown and unknown.

[To be Continued.]

For the Repository.
THE MELANGE.

John Skelton, the laureat of Henry the 8th, styled by Erasmus *Britannicarum Literarum lumen et decus*, was a poet of no mean parts, when the age he lived in is considered. He was a great scourge to Wolsey, whose unbecoming magnificence he severely satirizes. The following lines will shew the extraordinary parade of the Cardinal, when he appeared in public, and are no despicable proof of the poet's abilities.

With worldlie pompe again incredible
Before him rydeth two prestes stronge;
And they bear two crosses right longe
Gaping in every man's face.
After them follow two laymen secular,
And each of them holding a pillar,
In their honds stead of a mace.

Then followeth my lord on his mule
Trapped with gold to her cule
In every points most curiously;
On each side a pole axe is borne
Which in none other's use is worne,
Portendyng some hid myserie.
Then hath he servants five or six score,
Some behind and some before.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing that is hurtful.

A French wit says, somewhere, that a physician, prescribing to a sick man, always calls to mind the circumstance of a child snuffing a candle; it is ten to one but he snuffs it out.

A country bumpkin walking through

the street, happened to mistake the trail of a lady's gown for a pocket handkerchief. A sailor passing him at the same time, with a ratan under his arm, and a quid in his mouth, exclaimed, 'd—n your eyes, you thief, put that down; the owner has just turned the corner yonder, towing it after her.'

Dr Egerton, the late Bishop of Durham, on coming to that see, employed one Due, as his agent, to find out the true value of the estates held under him; and, in consequence of Due's report, greatly raised both the fines & reserved rents of his tenants; on which account the following toast was frequently drunk in and about Durham, 'May the Lord take the bishop, and the devil have his Due.'

Boswell, after visiting the Coffee-house, used to return to Dr Johnson's lodgings to give him the news of the day. In one of his morning rambles, he noticed a number of scurrilous paragraphs directed against a late publication of his friend's. Boswell purchased the paper, hurried to Johnson's apartment, and read him the paragraphs. The doctor having heard him to the end, replied peevishly, 'so sir, this is what they say with regard to myself. Do you know what is said of you?' Mr Boswell answered in the negative. 'Why then I will tell you, sir,' resumed the doctor, 'they say that I am a mad dog, and you a tin cannister tied to my tail.'

Song of the Fairies to the Sea-Nymphs.

BY MISS SEWARD.

Hasten from your coral caves,
Every nymph, that sportive laves
In the green sea's oozy wells,
And gilds the fins, and sports the shells,
Hasten, and our merrice join,
Ere the gaudy morning shine!

Rising from the foamy wave,
Instantly your aid we crave,

Come, and trip, like one gay band,
Faceless on the amber sand.
Haste, or we must hence away,
Yet an hour, and all is day!

At your bidding, from our feet
Shall the ocean monsters fleet;
Sea-nettle and sting-fish glide
Back, upon the reflux tide.

Haste, the dawn has streak'd the cloud,
Hark the village cock has crow'd!

See, the clouds of night retire,
Hesper gleams with languid fire;
Quickly then our revel join,
The blush of morn is on the brine—
Loiterers! we must hence away,
Yonder breaks the orb of day!

Anecdote of Garrick, well authenticated, but not generally known.

It may be recollected, that the avenue leading to the boxes of old Drury, was through Vinegar Yard. In this passage an old Spider, better known, perhaps, by the name of a Procuress, had spread her web, alias, opened a bagnio, and obtained a plentiful living by preying on those who unfortunately or imprudently fell into her clutches. Those who are not unacquainted with *Haddock's*, will understand the loose fish I allude to, who beset her doors, and accosted with smiles or insults every one that passed. It happened that a noble lord, in his way to the theatre, with his two daughters under his arm, was most grossly attacked by this band of 'flaming ministers.' He immediately went behind the scenes, and insisted on seeing Mr Garrick, to whom he represented his case, and so roused the vengeance of the little manager, that he instantly, full of wrath, betook himself to this unholy Sybil,

'Twin child with Cacus; Vulcan was their sire,
Foul offspring both of healthless fumes & fire.'

Finding her at the mouth of her cavern, he quickly gave vent to his rage in the most buskin'd strain, and

concluded by swearing that he would have her ousted. To this assault she was not backward in reply, but soon convinced him that she was much more powerful in abusive eloquence than Roscius, though he had recourse in his speech to Milton's 'hell-born bitch,' and other phrases of similar celebrity, whilst she depended on her own natural resources. Those to whom this oratory is not new, have no need of my reporting any of it; and those to whom it is a perfect mystery, boast a 'state the more gracious,' and are the more happy for their ignorance. None of this rhapsody, however, although teeming with blasphemy and abuse, had any effect on Garrick, and he would have remained unmoved, had she not terminated in the following manner, which so excited the laughter of the collected mob, and disconcerted 'the soul of Richard,' that, without another word to say, he hastily took shelter in the theatre.—Putting her arms a-kimbo, and letting down each side of her mouth with wonderful expression of contempt, she exclaimed: 'You whipper-snapper—You oust me? You be d—d! My house is as good as yours—ay, and better too. I can come into yours whenever I like, and see the best *you* can do for a *shilling*; but, damme, if you, or any body else, shall come into mine for less than a *fifteenpenny-negus*!'

The following song is sung in the character of a Queen of Fairies, in the historical Drama, 'Mary Stewart, Queen of Scots,' published in 1801.

When the moon shines all so bright,
That flower bells open to her light,
Round about the hawthorn tree
We fairies dance right merrily,
Merrily, merrily.

And when the fickle beam retires,
What care we—our frolic requires

Around the glow-worms moving lustre,
Still in sportive revels muster,
Merrily, merrily,
Beneath the hawthorn tree.

So light we tread, no flower we crush,
Nor break the deep ear-soothing hush;
You might, so noise-less is our tread,
Hear gossamers o'er flow'rets spread,
All 'neath the hawthorn tree.

Ere summer flies, in watery dell,
Between two waves of gentle swell,
We're tripping borne across the deep,
But still our nightly sports we keep,
So merrily, so merrily,
On the smooth rolling sea.

The writer of a modern book of Travels, relating the particulars of his being cast away on an unknown shore, thus concludes—'After having walked eleven hours, without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet: my pleasure at seeing this cheering prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a *civilized* country.'

A German physician has just published a medical tract, in which he very earnestly maintains, that Ladies, of weak nerves, should not be permitted to sleep *alone*. There is a great demand for this book.

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

By Robert Southey.

Joy, joy, in London now!
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
Joy, joy in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn!
His strong right arm unweaponed and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel leaf of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fled before his sword;
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale,
And faltered out a prayer.

Yes, they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now!
Yes, they can gaze upon those manly limbs,
Defenceless now, and bound.

And that eye did not shrink,
As he beheld the pomp of infamy,
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs,
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their damned cruelty revived;
What though ingenious vengeance lengthened
life,
To feel protracted life—

What though the hangman's hand
Graspt in his living breast the heaving heart,
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He call'd to mind his deeds,
Done for his country in the embattled field,
He thought of that good cause for which he
died,
And it was joy in death!

Go, Edward, triumphant now!
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is
crush'd,
On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs
The fowls of heaven have fed.

Unrivalled, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full of glory to thy grave!
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul:
Go, Edward, to thy God!

For the Repository.

THE DRAMA.

January 27.

WE this evening with pleasure, viewed Mr. FENNEL in *Macbeth*, a character which we have long wished the satisfaction of seeing him, and in the performance of it our expectations and wishes were *all* realized. This difficult character, in conception, action and expression, was supported in a manner that claims the highest encomiums, tho' the attempt would fall short of its original merit. Throughout the whole performance the many knotty passages of the author were developed in the mere *expression* of sen-

tences, and the conception of words, like a dazzling meteor, shone with resplendent beauty. At the commencement of the performance, the imagination received intuitive conviction, that the arduous undertaking would be crowned with success, and in this character we think Mr F's talents were never more judiciously displayed; for with satisfaction we observed, that, amid the whirlwind of passion, *moderation* was duly observed. In the soliloquy previous to the murder of the king, the conflict betwixt honour and ambition was admirably pourtrayed; the repugnance of the deed was expressive in saying,

Pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim,
Horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind—
I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent,
But only vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps
Itself, and falls on the other.

And further after the commission of the crime, as the imagination feared detection, the horrors of an upbraiding Conscience were every way perceptible,

Whence is that knocking?—
How is it with me, when every noise appals
me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red.

His gestures on seeing the ghost of Banquo, were appropriate and handsome—Doubt, fear, and horror, was expressively depicted in his countenance,

Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

The commencement as well as conclusion of Mr Fennel's performance, surpasses description.

We have been content with Mrs Melmoth's personation of most of the characters which she has undertaken since her engagement at our theatre; but her Lady Macbeth did not, in our opinion, merit in many parts, the great applause it received. We can conjecture, with some certainty, the cause that led to her accepting that character, and explicitly express our displeasure at its injustice. The lady managers' talents and respectability induces us to bear her the greatest deference imaginable; and, therefore, it is discreet to remain silent on the subject.

Mr Cain may ever perform well, if he only exerts himself a little. His Malcolm was tolerable. Mr Wood was blameless in Banquo.

Mr M'Kensie dealt justly in many parts by Macduff, but on hearing of the murder of his wife and children, he was tame and inexpressive—

All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part?

But the following was spoken with great energy—

—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape
Heaven forgive him too!

It is not our desire to withhold encouragement from a youthful performer; yet we must declare that the voice and person of Mr Rutherford are insurmountable obstacles to his preferment.

The witches acquitted themselves with considerable eclat.

The entertainment, a musical piece in one act, called the Benevolent Tar, contains some very appropriate songs.

Mr Woodham *advantageously* undertook Mr Robbins's character, and Mr Jefferson was a true picture of the honest tar. Mr Taylor, again, as a *Venerable* man! (the Baron)—we suppose *he* will shortly undertake *King Lear*.—We took particular notice of Master Harris in the page, and commend his representation of it.

To Readers and Correspondents.

'Jaques' shall appear next week.—We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent *early in the Week*.

In this number we have published Tom Tickle's reply to Bob At'em's communication in our last, and hope that the parties will now be satisfied, and turn their attention to matters of more interest.

We thank 'Solus' for his communication, and hope that he will excuse the liberty we have taken. Had we received his essay a day sooner, it should have been published *entire*.

Our readers will please to correct the following typographical errors in our notice of the *Revenge*:

In the 3d paragraph, line 10—for 'inexpressible,' read *irrepressible*. 2d paragraph, next line to the last, read 'merits *or* demerits.' In the quotation

—'I will not fall alone,
But ~~OTHER~~ groans shall tell my death,'
read 'But *others*' groans,' &c.

Our New-York Correspondent will perceive that we have made the alteration he so strongly recommended.—It is not, however, much relished by the *Composer*.

We hope that our friend JACOBUS, will not be disheartened by the noise of the *word hunters*. We shall be glad to hear from him as often as his leisure will permit.

'X' is too much of a *Puritan*.

'K' may be assured that we shall not let the subject he alludes to, escape *our* notice.



AN ADDRESS,

Spoken by the Misses HODGKINSON, at their
Benefit in this city, last evening.

FANNY.

ERE three short winters with their
snows are fled,
A Mother dies; a Father too is dead;
Their little Orphans, *we*, this night
appear,
And, lest we pain you, dry the trem-
bling tear.
Oh! yet forgive us if a tear should
start,
Spite of the struggles of an infant
heart;
If e'er a sigh, when most your smiles
approve,
Breathe its soft tribute to a Mother's
love!
Departed Mother! cherish'd *here* art
thou;
Thy voice of sweetness, and thine
angel brow.
Oh, must that voice forever hush'd
remain?
And canst thou never smile on us
again?
Still, though we see thee not, be thine
the care
To shield the infants of thy love with
pray'r;
Oh, still thy guardian smile of fond-
ness shed,
And we will love thee, Mother, tho'
thou'rt dead;—
Yet ours is hope—for ere his parting
breath
The best of Fathers yielded up in
death;
As in his languid eye stood life's last
tear,
He told us we should find our Parents
here.
' Though from these feeble limbs, my
Babes,' he sigh'd,
' Swift to the heart the pulses all retire;
And soon, ah, soon! its throbbings
must divide
Forever from his weeping babes the
sire—
Yet mourn not with an anguish too
severe,

Oh, weep not ever o'er a Father's
tomb!
For many a sigh is yours, and many a
pray'r,
And Beauty waits to rear you into
bloom—
Farewell!—he sigh'd, and feeble was
the sigh,
For hardly did the pulse of being glide,
Then lifting up to Heaven his closing
eye,
He bless'd his Babes, and—died!

Lamented Spirit! sweet be thy repose:
Sweet as thy parting voice that sooth'd
our woes....
For *one*, still bleeding with the recent
smart,
Has press'd thy weeping infants to his
heart;
And Friends, far dearer to their souls
than life,
Contend to shield them with a gen'rous
strife.

ROSINA.

Yes, dearest Sister, our Papa *was*
right,
For we have Friends and Patrons here
this night.
What, tho' Mama is gone; methinks I
trace
Her smile that blest us, in each beau-
teous face.
Though Heav'n has forc'd our dear
Papa to die,
A Father beams from each indulgent
eye.

FANNY.

Our kind protectors; though we boast
the while
At best to please you but a grateful
heart;
Ah! who can tell, but, cherish'd by
your smile,
The infant may surpass its parents'
art?
So, rescued from the bleak autumnal
gale,
The little shivering tenant of the vale,
To gentler skies by some kind hand
convey'd,
In more than native beauty is array'd:
Points its soft tendrils 'mid the win-
ter's gloom,
And springs and blushes with pro-
tracted bloom.

ROSINA.

Our Parents *now*, than parents dearer
far!

Sweet to your slumbers be the orphan's
pray'r!
That pray'r, oh never will we fail to
give,
Nor cease to love you, till we cease to
live.

ANACREONTIC.

Bacchus with thy clustering vine
Round about my brows entwine;
Bring with thee the flowing bowl,
That with rapture fills my soul:
Let the rosy Queen of Love
Leave awhile the Cyprian grove,
With her nymphs, whose beauty rare,
Shall smooth the brow of carking care—
Then fill the goblets to the brim,
And quick imbibe the potent stream,
Let the Circean draught go round,
And mirth, gay mirth & wine abound;
While quaffing thus the purple tide,
Swift the laughing hours shall glide,
Free from heart-corroding sorrow,
Till Phæbus ushers in the morrow.
Replenish then the wasted treasure,
And re-assume our wonted pleasure:
Thus, blest with wine, and blest with
love,
I envy not immortal Jove.

EPIGRAM.

Last Monday I met with a sweet
smiling sister,
I clasped her waist, and, with rapture,
I kiss'd her;
The Gospel, quoth she, I learn'd from
my mother,
When *smote on the one cheek*, I always
turn t'other.

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